A million words...

A book

with no beginning

no

ending

just

moments,

just truths,

just the rhythm

of a heart learning itself.

There are a million ways to tell a story, and none of them ever feel complete.
So, I stopped trying to write a beginning,
and I stopped seeking an end.
These words came to me in pieces on
quiet nights,
in storms,
in the small pauses between breaths.
If you find yourself in these pages, then maybe our stories were always speaking to each other.

-Kyareen

Words are just words, and yet they
explode, they tear, they burn, they
leave marks you cannot wash off,
marks you didn't know were there
until someone speaks and suddenly
you bleed.

The way you speak is a
weapon, a promise, a storm,
it can topple mountains or
crush the fragile skeletons you
keep inside your chest. Every
sentence, every pause, every
whisper is a weight, and some
days it feels like gravity itself
is angry with me.

Words can cut deeper than
knives, deeper than
betrayal, deeper than
silence ever could.
They pierce soft places, the places
you thought were hidden. The
places where love and fear and
shame are tangled together, where
hope is too small to survive the
light. Words can heal too, but
healing is brutal
it is fire and blood and ache and
surrender.
It does not tiptoe, it rips
open what is broken, and
slowly, painfully, stitches it
back together so fragile, you
can feel every thread.
A million words exist,
and I have tried them
all, but the right ones
never land,

never

stay,

never

hold.

We speak and

stumble, we yell

and cry, we

whisper and beg,

and still, the silence screams louder than all of it combined.

Words are power.

Words are destruction.

Words are love.

Words are war.

They build, they burn, they bury, and

even when we think we are safe, they

are there, a shadow crawling over the

skin, a pulse under the ribs, a storm

that will not rest. A million words,

and I am drowning in them. Every

thought, every feeling, every unspoken

truth is a wave breaking in me, pulling

me under,

and still I

reach for

them.

I write them.

I speak them.

Because the only way to survive
is to let them out,
to let them claw,
to let them bleed.

A million words, and

I am still searching

for the ones that

matter, for the ones

that will reach, for

the ones that will

stay long enough to

change everything.

"The Way the Light Falls"

Some days the world is heavy,
a sky made of stone, yet
somehow the light still finds its
way slanting softly across my
skin, as if reminding me
I have never walked alone.

There is music in the quiet, a rhythm beneath the air, whispers slipping through the shadows saying breathe, you're still here.

And maybe that's
enough not the
answers, not the
certainty, just the
simple grace of
rising again before
the sun fully wakes.

"What the Night Knows "

The night knows
things the day
forgets how a heart
softens when the
world goes still, how
truth becomes louder
when shadows spill.

I sit in its velvet silence, letting the questions hum, letting the unknown rest on my tongue.

The stars don't
speak, yet they tell
me everything that
even darkness can
shimmer when you're
willing to look long
enough.

"The Quiet Between My Ribs "

There is a quiet that lives

between my ribs, a place

where memories curl and old

dreams sit. I go there when

the world turns sharp, when

hope feels thin and the future

too far.

In that quiet,
I remember I

have survived

every unsteady

step, every

trembling dawn,

every goodbye

I never thought would end.

And suddenly,

I am soft again.

And strong again.

And somehow

still whole.

"Lessons from the Wind "

The wind doesn't ask to be understood.
It moves as it must wild,
wandering,
soft one moment,
storm the next.
Maybe I am more like it than I want to admit.
Maybe I am not meant to be held
in place,
not meant for final answers
or fixed grace.

Maybe I am meant
to flow, to
shift, to break,
to bloom to be
everything and
nothing and
still enough.

"A Heart That Wandered "

I have walked through
cities made of
memories, roads
paved with laughter,
doors built from
dreams.

I have left pieces of myself in places that felt like home,
and carried pieces of others in the hollow of my bones.

I never needed a map just
a breath, a moment, a
pulse that whispered keep
going, the world is wide
and you belong to every
part of it.

"What I Can Carry"

I cannot hold the past,

it slips like water through myhands.

I cannot bend the truth into shapes that let me stand.

But I can carry the breath that
lifts my chest, the fire that hums
beneath my flesh,

the quiet courage

that knows

theway even when

I don't.

What is mine will remain.

What is not

will return to the wind.

Either

way I

walk on.

"The Space Without Endings "

There is no final
chapter to any of
this
just pages turning
on their own time,
just stories that
shift as I shift,
just truths that
open and close like
hands.

I am not seeking an ending.
I am not chasing a start.

I am simply learning to stand in the middle of everything
alive,
aware,
and unafraid to keep becoming.

"Untitled, like me on most days"

I wake up with a thousand
thoughts
stuck in my throat
like morning light that
refuses to mind its own
business

I don't know what I am reaching for
but I am always
reaching hands
half-open heart
half-healed mind
everywhere
like glitter you cannot sweep up

some days I feel too
much some days I feel
nothing and both feel like
versions of me trying to
introduce themselves

"the way my mind wanders when no one is watching"

I walk around with whole scenes
playing behind my eyes
like I am the only one who knows
the world is a movie

I think about the ocean a lot
not the water
just the idea of something that moves
without asking
that breaks without apologizing
that exists
because it dares to

I want to be like that
loud and quiet
messy and divine
here and unbothered
all at once

"thought I had while waiting for my coffee"

I don't think I have ever

lived

one day in a straight line

everything in me

moves in circles

diagonal feelings

sideways dreams

backwards memories

forward hunger

I don't make sense

but God!!

I make art just

by breathing

"the softness I pretend isn't there"

There's a tenderness in me

that no one taught me

I just woke up with it

one day and decided

keep it

I carry it everywhere like a secret
I am scared someone will take or
someone will understand

I don't want to lose it
I don't want to

explain it

I don't want to hide

it but

I do because what

do you do with

something that feels

too gentle for this

world

"I don't know what this is but it feels like truth"

I am made of late-night thoughts

half-finished plans

cold tea

sudden confidence

old fears

and

new dreams

that scare me just enough to mean something

I don't need answers

I just need space

to breathe the

questions until they

stop burning

life doesn't have to make

sense for me to feel it

and I feel everything

even in silence

especially in silence

"the way my heart whispers when my mind forgets"

sometimes I forget who
I am until my heart
reminds me in the
smallest ways

the way I pause before speaking
because I want my words to land softly,
the way I stare at the sky too long like I am searching for an answer
I already know,
the way I hold myself when no one is there to pretend they understand.

I don't always
recognize the woman I
am becoming, but I
feel her quiet, steady,
somewhere beneath the
noise trying to find her
way back into the
light.

"on nights I feel like a stranger to myself"

there are nights when my own reflection
feels like someone I used to know
a girl who tried too hard to be softer,
smaller,
quieter
than her soul ever wanted.

I look at her and she looks back with eyes heavy from holding emotions
nobody asked her to explain.

I miss her and I
outgrew her all at
once, and sometimes
that feels like grief
even though it's
supposed to feel like
growth.

"the parts of me I don't show"

inside me there are
worlds I have never
named out loud
thoughts that hurt to
touch, dreams too
fragile to share, fears
that feel like old
wounds learning new
shapes. I carry them
quietly because I don't
trust anyone else to
hold the weight without
dropping something
precious. maybe that's
selfish or maybe it's
fear I'll never know.
some truths aren't
meant to be solved,
just carried.

"the ache that doesn't know what it wants"

there's an ache in me

that doesn't ask for answers

just space.

space to feel without naming it,

space to break without apologizing,

space to breathe without searching for a reason.

not every emotion wants to be understood.

some just want to be felt

without logic,

without shame,

without needing to make sense.

I am learning to let them stay for as long as they need to.

"I think too much for someone who wants peace"

I think in waves
thoughts crashing hard against the edges of me
even when I beg them to be still.
sometimes I wonder if

peace is a place I'll

ever reach or just a

feeling I visit briefly

between storms. but even

when I am drowning in

my own head

I still rise

still breathe,

still move,

still choose

myself in ways

no one sees but

me. and maybe

that is what

peace actually

looks like.

"The language I speak without words"

I have always been made of quiet things

the kind people don't see

until they are standing too close and

suddenly I am everywhere,

spilling into their thoughts like a sentence they cannot finish

I don't speak loudly but my silence has weight,

the kind that presses against skin and makes people wonder

what I am carrying

truth is

I am carrying everything

I never said

and everything I felt too deeply to explain

I move through life collecting echoes,

turning them into poetry that doesn't make sense to anyone but me

and maybe

just maybe that's enough

maybe existing softly

is the loudest thing

I ever do

"I am the feeling before the feeling"

I don't arrive in straight lines

I come in waves

in breaths

in fragments

in half-remembered dreams that tug at your ribs

I exist in the moment before you realize

You are feeling something

I am the pause

the shift

the blink before

a thought becomes truth

I have never been

tangible

I have never been obvious

I am the spark inside

the spark the part of the

fire that no one sees but

everyone feels

I don't have to be

understood

to be real

"almost something"

there are pieces of me
I have never learned to

name

so I just let them float inside my chest

like untied threads people try to grab them

pull them together

make sense of me

but

I am not meant to

come together

I am the beauty of almost

the ache of nearly

the peace inside

unfinished things

and if someone

ever tries to

complete me

I hope they understand

I was never broken

I was always becoming

"the way I feel the world"

I move through life with no shield
letting every emotion hit me straight in the bone
some call it weakness but they don't know
what it's like to feel sunlight in your lungs
or heartbreak in your teeth

I don't love gently
I don't hurt softly
I don't heal quickly

I experience everything
all at once like a
universe pressed inside a
single moment and
somehow
I still find
room to keep
going

"the softest war"

I have fought battles no one will ever hear about
the quiet kind
where the enemy is your own reflection
where you talk yourself
into staying
when everything inside you
is begging to disappear

I have survived nights that tasted like metal
and mornings
that felt like forgiveness

I am not the strongest
but I have learned
how to stand up
while shaking
and that is
its own
victory

"hollow / whole"

sometimes I feel empty

like I am made of

glass thin enough to

break clear enough to be

overlooked

and other times

I feel full

overflowing too

much to contain

I don't know which one is true

maybe both

maybe neither

maybe I am just

learning that being

human is being

everything and nothing

all at once

"I never needed to be simple"

the older I get

the less I try

to shrink myself

into easy shapes

I don't owe anyone a version of me
they can read
without effort
I am complicated
beautifully
deliberately

and if someone stumbles trying to understand me
I hope they know

I didn't build myself

to be easy

I built

myself to be

real

"heart like a horizon"

I stretch farther than anyone sees
I rise slowly quietly
without applause
my emotions bleed into each other
like colours in the sky
right before dawn
when everything feels possible,
but nothing is clear
I am both ending and beginning
light and shadow
certainty and confusion
I am the horizon
you can walk toward
forever
and
never reach
and still
I am worth
the journey.

"the weight of my own softness"

sometimes
I wish I felt less
just a little less
so I wouldn't
crumble under the
gravity of my
own tenderness
but then I remember every person I have touched
without touching
every soul I have
reached
just by being
exactly this soft

and suddenly the
weight feels holy
like I was built to
feel this deeply so
others could
breathe

"I am not done blooming"

I have shed versions of myself

like petals fallen in places

I no longer belong

but even in the breaking there is beauty
even in the losing there is growth

I am not done blooming

not even close

I still have

colours no one

has seen and

roots that refuse

to let go even

when the world

turns cold

I am

becoming

everyday in

ways

I don't have to explain.

Finding Light in the Dark

Ashes fall like quiet rain,
but even dust remembers
fire. A heart cracked open
wide lets light slip in
through the seams. The
wind hums a lullaby, and
somewhere, a pulse insists:
we are alive,
and that is
enough.

Moonlight spills through broken
branches,
painting gold on jagged edges.
Fear drifts like fog,
but hope is a moth circling flame.
It flutters near,
insistent, teaching even
hollow spaces
to bloom
with quiet rebellion.

Night bends low, heavy with old regrets, but stars carve stories in its ribs.

Each scar a constellation,

each tear a comet's tail.

We walk among the fragments,

shaping constellations from broken light,
and suddenly,

the darkness feels like home.

A river runs under frozen stones,

hidden, relentless, unstoppable.

So too the pulse beneath despair,

soft, steady, undeniable.

It whispers through the cracks:

even the coldest winters cannot still

the water that remembers spring.

Shadows coil like smoke,

curling into empty rooms

But even smoke rises,

and even silence hums.

A single spark can leap a canyon,

can ignite a forest, can remember its own roar.

The sky splits open,

a wound of pink and gold.

Clouds bleed into themselves,

and we remember

the sun does not ask

for permission,

does not wait for courage

it arrives,

and

everything bends toward it.

Bones remember weight,

and hearts remember ache.

But even broken shapes

catch the light in new ways.

We are sculptures of our scars,

drafts of fire and water,

and the world trembles

when we rise,

unbroken.

The wind carries voices
we thought were lost.
They hum through
trees, through streets,
through our trembling
hands. We listen, and
somewhere between fear
and hope, we find our
own voice.

Grief sits heavy in the
chest, but even stones
wear moss.
Time trickles,
patient, washing
edges smooth.
And from the worn grooves,
a flower
grows, soft and
unafraid, trembling
toward the sun.

The night sings, low and
strange, but we learn the
melody. Even wounds
have rhythm, even silence
has weight. Step by step,
breath by breath, we
become music, and the
darkness dances with us.

Rain drips from tired
rooftops, but even the sky
remembers to shine.
Every puddle holds a
reflection, a whisper
that storms pass.
We step
carefully, but the
ground beneath us
still
hums with
possibility.

A single candle
fights the vast
dark. Its flame
wavers, but does
not die. It
reminds the
shadows that
nothing can steal
what refuses to be
extinguished.

Bones bend, hearts
bend, but the earth
does not break.
Roots dig through
stone, teaching even
heavy hands
to
reach,
to
hold,
to rise
against the weight.

The wind carries
seeds to places we
cannot see. Some
fall in cracks,
some find soft soil.
Life is stubborn,
even when unseen,
and growth
happens quietly.

Night folds in like
velvet, soft,
suffocating, strange.
Yet beneath its
weight a pulse hums
steady, a reminder that
even darkness
cannot
erase
what
burns
inside.

Glass shatters, but the
cracks catch the sun.
Broken things can be
beautiful, if we let light
in.
Even fragments
remember their own
shape, and even
silence learns to sing.

Clouds gather like old
regrets, but the horizon
bleeds gold.
Even endings
have a beginning hidden inside.
Step
forward, even if
knees shake,
even if breath
falters dawn
waits anyway.

A heartbeat trembles in the dark,

fragile as frost.

Yet it persists, a

quiet declaration

. We are alive,

we remember how to feel,

we remember how to rise.

Storms sweep across the

valleys, tearing,

relentless. But rivers

carve new paths, and the

earth remembers to

bloom. Even in ruin, life

whispers: keep moving.

Shadows curl like smoke, vanishing when touched.

The heart learns to chase what fears to flee.

Even loss

cannot erase the pulse

that

insists

on

song.

The moon drifts through
clouds, soft and
untamed. It reminds us
to move gently, even when
the world presses, even
when silence screams, we
are luminous in our own
orbit.

Tears fall like
petals, fragile,
slow, sacred.
Each one
nourishes a
hidden bloom.
Even
grief can be
fertile soil,
even sorrow
can teach
growth.

Mountains loom, cold and immovable.

But rivers hum under stone,

finding cracks,

making paths through what seemed eternal.

We, too, can bend without breaking.

Frost bites at windows, yet inside,
fire waits.
Even the smallest
warmth can hold
back the night.
We are small,
yes, but even
sparks can kindle
forests when we
dare to burn.

Footsteps echo down empty streets, but rhythm returns.
Even silence can teach a song. Every stumble is part of the dance, every fall a chance to rise.

"Home Within Myself "

It's quite dreamy,

how I managed to create a home

within myself.

No doubts echoing through the

walls,

no threats waiting in the dark,

just endless love.

I learned to be brave, and to be kind,

especially to the parts of me that once felt too small,

too uncertain,

too afraid.

I stopped betraying myself for comfort,

stopped hooking my heart to what could not hold it.

I no longer sell myself short for the sake of

being understood.

With empathy, with love, I began to heal.

I gave myself patience, space to breathe,

room to grow.

Now when I fall,

I reach for my own hand.

When I doubt,

I remind myself gently

I have come too far to

turn against my own

heart.

Within me, there is peace.

Within me, there is strength.

I feel safe.

I feel brave.

I feel whole.

And finally,

I am home.

"Nowhere and Everywhere "

I left with a promise,

a whisper,

a dream,

Chasing a life on a faraway

stream.

I built something new,

I stood on my own,

Yet somewhere inside,

I still felt alone.

Years passed like shadows,

swift and unkind,

Home became something

I left behind.

But when I returned,

it wasn't the same

Familiar,

yet distant,

a place with my name.

The streets knew my footsteps,

but not how they'd changed,

The voices still warm,

but strangely estranged.

I searched for belonging,

but all I could find

Was a ghost of myself

left frozen in time.

Too foreign for home,

too homesick abroad,

A heart split in two,

a life left at odds.

Maybe belonging is not in a place,

But carried within

my own quiet space.

"The Missing Piece "

It's been a beautiful journey, a road
paved with light,
Yet shadows still linger in the depths of
the night.
I have wandered through places,
met souls on the way,
Left pieces of me where my heart chose to
stay.

A whisper of longing, a question
untold
Why does it feel like I'm not truly
whole? There's so much to see, so
much to learn,
So much to cherish, yet so much to burn.

How do I unlearn what's rooted so deep?
How do I silence the echoes that weep?
How do I let go of what's woven inside,
The love and the sorrow, the dreams cast aside?

Even though I know the path that is

right, Why do I hesitate,

lost in the night?

How do I tame this heart that won't rest,

That beats with a hunger, a longing unblessed?

Life is beautiful,

I whisper, I swear,

The sky holds my prayers, the wind takes my care.

But still, I wonder, still, I yearn,
For a soul I have lost, for a past that won't turn.

Yet maybe, just maybe, I am still whole,

Not missing a piece,

but shifting my soul. For every

goodbye, for each lesson I've known,

Is part of the journey, the path I

have grown.

And though I may ache, though doubt

may remain, I tell myself softly—it will

be okay.

"In the Midst of the Chaos "

In the midst of the chaos, in the depth of

the storm,

We search for the sunrise, for hope to be

born. The winds howl with fury, the

night feels so long,

Yet somewhere within us, our hearts stay

strong.

Who knows what tomorrow may bring to our door,

A whisper of joy or a battle once more?

The past lies in shadows,

the future unknown,

Yet courage still lingers in seeds we have sown.

So many stories remain left untold,

Of love that was lost,

of dreams that turned cold.

But even in darkness,

a flicker remains,

A promise of light beyond sorrow and pain.

Through storms we will wander, through
trials we fight. Guided by hope, by love,
and by light. For though the unknown may
fill us with fear, The dawn always rises,
the path will be clear.

As I said,

There's no beginning, there's no end.

You held me in silence

Between Breaths,

So these pages are for you,

The ones who carried the weight, I couldn't name.

Who showed up

Before the tears even fell.

Here's my quiet thank you,

A whisper turned into ink

A fragment of gratitude

I owe you a lifetime.

Aimee & Eta, I love you.